ความฝันที่ถูกทอดทิ้งและเรื่องราวความรักอื่น ๆ 夢や他のラブストーリーを捨てる



ABANDONED DREAMS

and Other Love Stories

























I well remember 1944 and even though I never had the pleasure to have met either Saki or Kishi; I do have a sense of what they were going through...

I know that Emil did.

I was pleased when Emil pulled these fragments of rice paper letters that Max had sent us from Hiroshima as he had met Saki (whose uncle was on the City Planning Commission) who asked him to see if we could help her locate Mister Kishi for her. Regrettably, we had by the Summer of 1945 left French Indo-China far behind and with it most of our connections who might have been able help her locate her friend (husband?).

Emil reclaimed possession of these letters that he found at the bottom of an old steamer trunk that his younger auntie had held for him in storage before her recent death. Sad to hear, Emil!

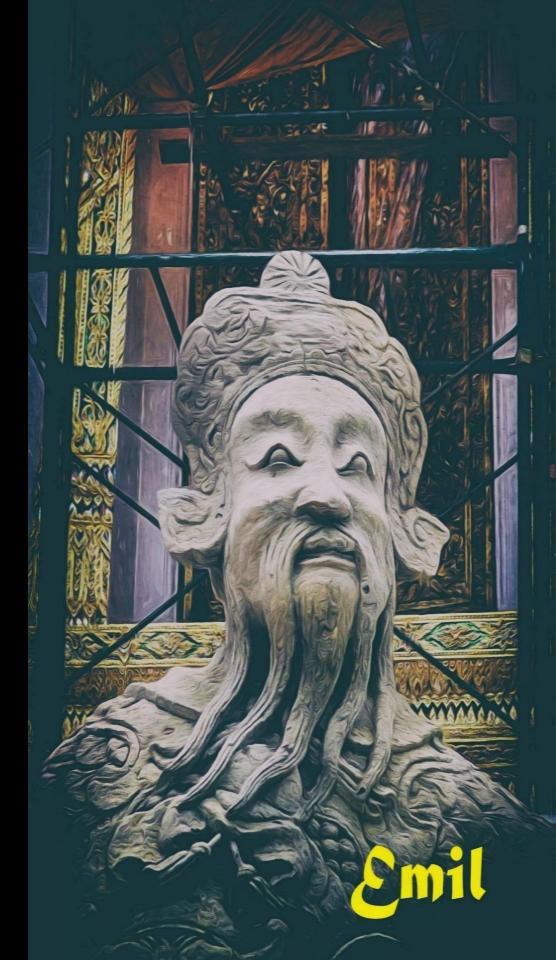
But, I am happy that Emil would use them here in this book of postcards from the war years in Siam.

- Seine 2021













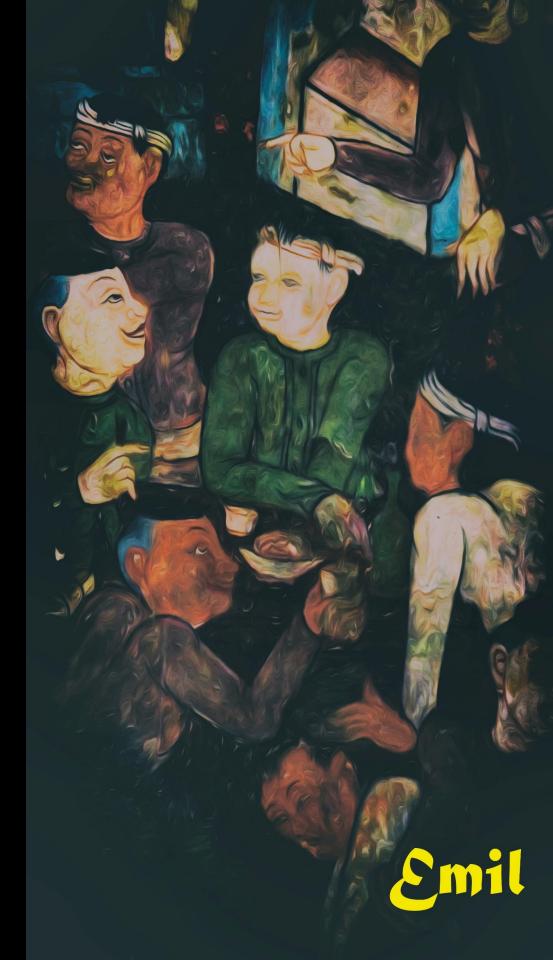


















Last time I looked at these letters... well...these fragments of was quickly fading into black Indio ink blobs on already aging, cheap rice paper...it must have been sometime in the early 1950's when I decided to create a time capsule in the form of an old pre-war steamer trunk that I was shipping back to my younger aunt in Arizona to place in storage for me. Just recently, I got an angry call from this young kid down at the UPS Station and he was giving me an earful on the size of this package that had (somehow) skirted the Virus Plague Killer Lockdown germ containment restrictions and he was wondering "How in the Heck" (I had to edit this statement as Seine always reminds me that under Singapore Laws you can't use any of this young man's rather colorful selection of pronouns, adverbs and even a couple of stray nouns...I felt that I was locked into a "Blooper" reel of "The Wheel of Fortune" and half-way through the conversation, I asked to buy a vowel).















After several heated debates, the steamer trunk (time capsule) that I had dutifully left with my aunt to archive for me was sitting in the lodge's lobby leaving me with an even bigger dilemma on how to get it up to my lodge room cell.

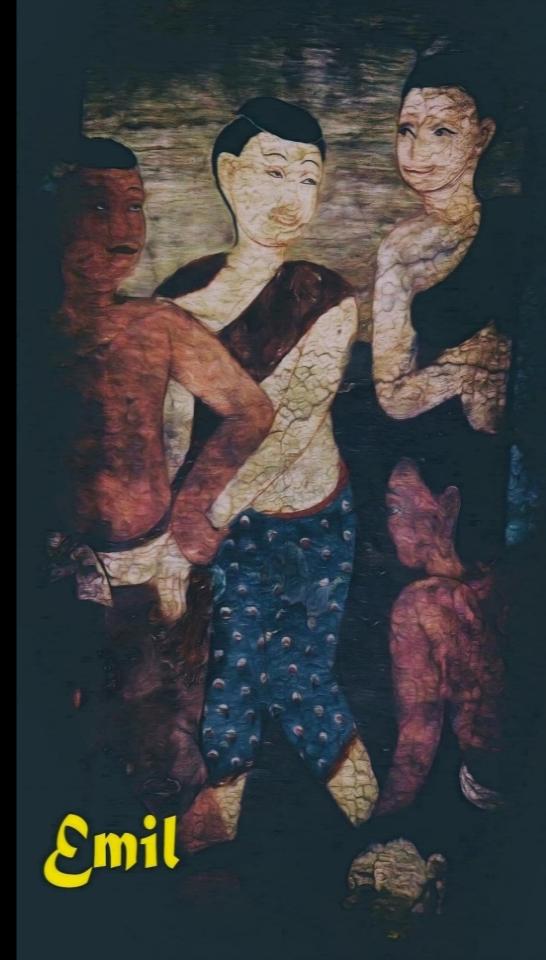
In the end, I traded my sole remaining treasure (my very limited edition "Elvis Greatest Hits" that I had bought when my son advise me to invest my retirement fund(s) in a couple good CDs and the guy at the Frog Hollow Day Camp and Record Store told me that my son was correct as they only printed a couple 1000's of these and the would be worth a pretty penny...someday) to our own version of God's Warrior in the clothing of the lodge's rent-a-cop. With the help of the bellhop and the lodge's dolly, it was soon resting midway on the floor between the door and my bed.

I will spare you the unboxing as I am thinking of filming it and putting it up on the Youbeetubbee as unboxing videos















Seem to be all the rage these day.

Near the bottom was several envelopes with a faded letterhead from our Berlin Café still printed of each cover (along with a whole stack of those special discount cards we had so FREELY passed out to all of our new Soviet Friends as they arrived by lorry for their duty in Berlin...we had a couple of the nicer, ex-Hitler Youth Kids waiting at the transit camp gates to pass them out...we lost money but, made friends-for-life with those coupons offering 50% off the first vodka-wine chaser they bought...it really was our most popular drink at the time!)

WHERE WAS I?

I get lost so easily these days!
In the last envelope was a series of fragments of old letters that our friend Max had sent us in the early summer of 1945 from Hiroshima with a request from the young lady in those letters for us to help her locate her boyfriend (husband?)















who had gone missing in Siam. I wrote back to Max and tries to explain that we had left French Indo-China in mind, spirit and with our feet (well...on one of the last U-Boats out of Hanoi Harbor in the early days of 1945) and most anyone with the Vichy who still had any sense (other than those crazy rubber plantation owners who fought everyone well into the 1990's to keep their farms and wealth) had been on one of those boats out of town. I went on to explain that the Japs were a funny lot and many of them really believed in this "win or come home on your shield" shit...OOPS! Can't say that word, either! More than likely, he was caught up in that mass herd of war refugees trying to get back home and for Max to reassure her that he was lucky to have been in Siam instead of Manchuria or China...those unlucky dogs went to visit their 6th Army Buddies out in Siberia...mostly, we told him to remind her that Siam was a long way from the Home Islands and it wasn't like he could just hobo















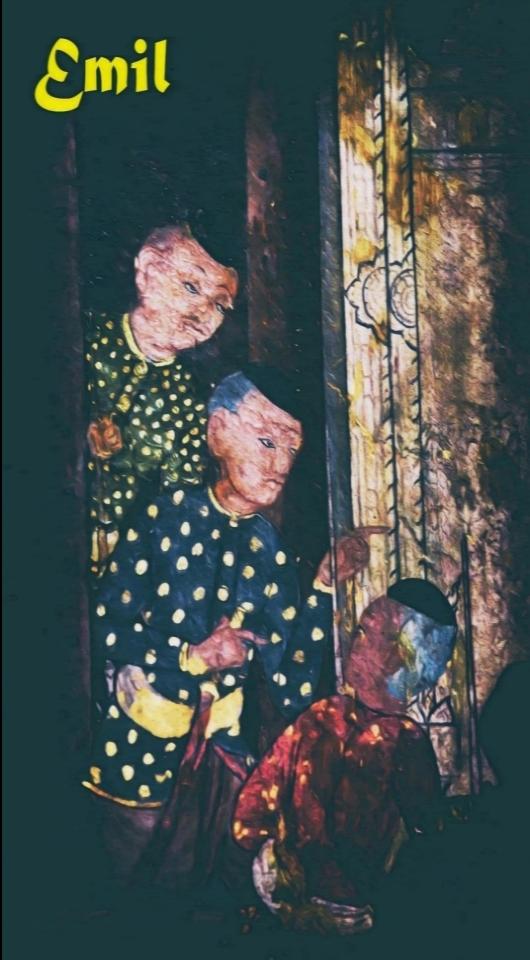
a freighter or bum a ride on a plane grounded due to the lack of oil. I still wonder if he got home but, it really doesn't matter much as the young lady was a nurse in the main hospital in downtown Hiroshima in August of 1945.

As I rereading these tattered fragments, I was struck by several observations about the young gentleman; mostly from what I read, he didn't strike me as the dotting husband-type nor did he come across as some kind of lovey-dovey kind of fellow. His letters were full of his duties and responsibilities of having to shepherd his well-intentioned cadre of sad shack warriors through a war where they didn't ever fight much of anyone other than amongst themselves and an occasional, escaping English Prisoner or two but, otherwise their greatest battle was against getting bored, going off the reservation and getting all too local (if you get my drift?).















He wrote about how many of his soldier men were lost (on any Monday Morning) to kitchen duty as punishment after a wild night in one of the local towns/villages or after some wild knife fight over one of them getting drunk and chasing some the younger (nicer looking) village gals and tried to explain why all of the local men didn't appreciate them (the Japs) messing with their womenfolk.

I have just sort these on what caught my attention and ended up pasting these in no particular order as this is not meant to be a National Geographic Documentary. Most (if any edits were due solely to my limitations on space here or that (REMEMBER) these are fragments that had been sliced-and-diced by war-time censors or blurred into stained blobs by the sheer passage of time, the sad state of cheap paper in wartime Siam and even cheaper ink commonly sold in the Imperial Army's Soldier (PX) Stores.

















Dear Saki,







軍の検閲官が私の手紙を切り刻まないかどうかわからないので、この投稿を受け取ってください。広島にある叔父の家のゴミ箱に投げ捨てる、細かく刻んだライスペーパーの封筒を見つけてください…

I'm not sure if a military censor will chop up my letter, so please take this post. Find a finely chopped rice paper envelope to throw in the trash can of your uncle's house in Hiroshima ...









Dear Saki,

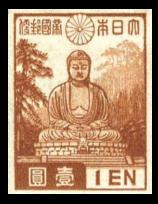






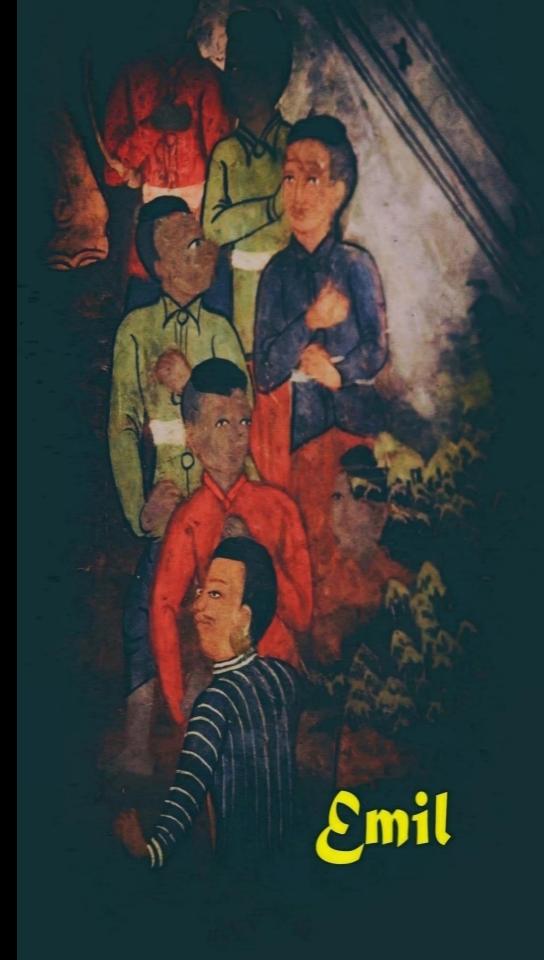
私が1942年に私たちの最愛の皇帝の偉大さに仕えるために去って以来、あなたが私の顔を忘れてしまったのではないかと心配していますが、あなたはまだ私の心の奥深くにいます。

I'm worried that you've forgotten my face since I left to serve the greatness of our beloved emperor in 1942, but you're still deep in my heart.

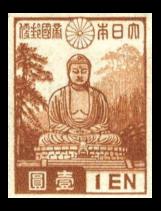








Dear Saki,







私短波が効くと、ほとんどの場合、ここの多くの人がとても飽き飽きしているジャョクカやグンコクカヨの歌が少し混ざったコクミンカがあります。暖かいまで、ででいまったことを覚えています。それが何だった?シンセツ?それでしたよが何だった?シンセツ?それでしたよれ?一緒に歌うのはとても楽しかったです!

When shortwaves work, most of the time there is Kokuminka with a little mix of Jikyokuka and Gunkokukayo songs that many people here are very tired of.

I remember singing on a warm summer night.

What was it?

Synths?

That was it, right?

It was a lot of fun to sing together!









Dear Saki,







私検閲が許可するかどうかわかりませんか?しかし、私は新しいパヤップ軍をどのように訓練したかを非常に誇りに思っています。私たちが最後の外国の悪魔を黄金のねぐらから追い出した後、すぐに彼らは神の戦士に加わり、アジア全体に自由をもたらします。

Not sure if censorship allows? But I am very proud of how I trained the new Phayap Army.

Soon after we expel the last foreign demon from the golden roost, they {will} join the Warriors of God and bring freedom throughout Asia.

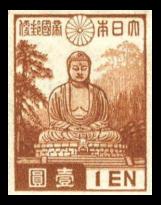




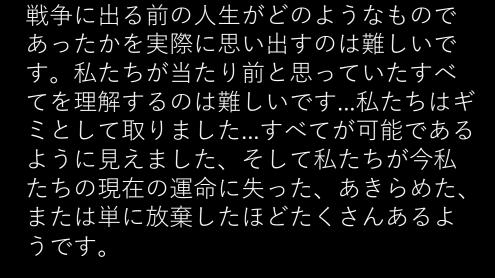




Dear Saki,







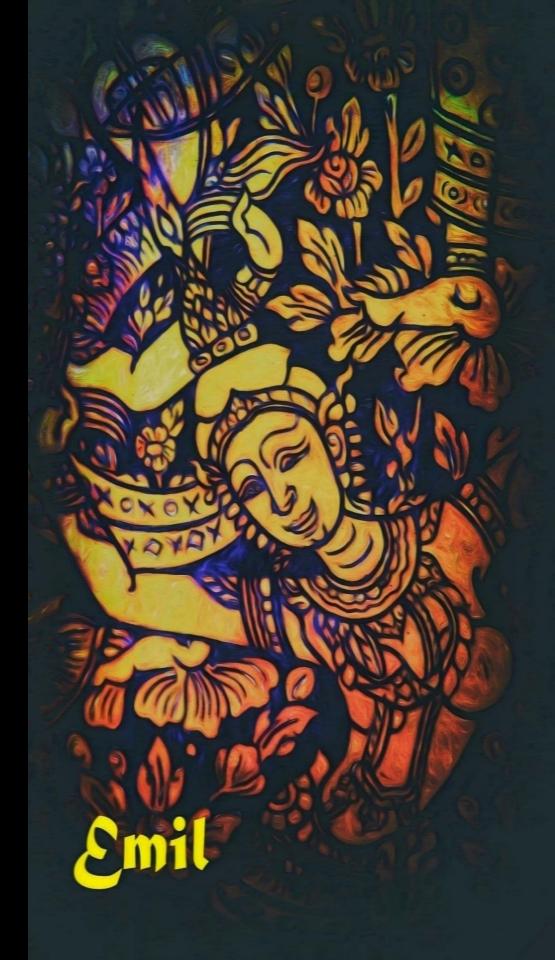


It's hard to really remember what life was like before the war. It's hard to understand everything we took for granted ...
We took it as a gimmick ...
Everything seemed possible, and we are now our present there seem to be so many lost, given up, or simply abandoned.



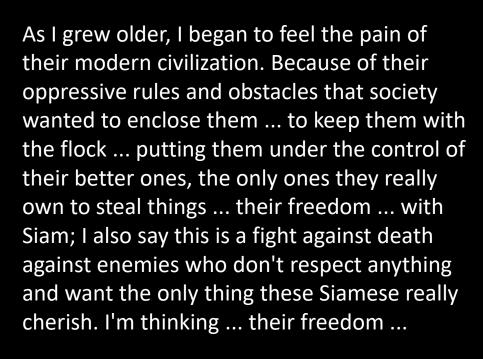






Dear Saki,

文明への苦痛を感じるようになりました。 社会が彼らを囲い込みたいと望んでいた その抑圧的な規則と障害のために…彼らを を群れと一緒に保つために…彼らを彼ら のより良い者の管理下に置き、彼らが本 当に所有する唯一のものを盗むために何も 尊重せず、これらのシャム人が本当にあ 切にしている唯一のものを望んでいる との死への戦いだと考えています…彼ら の自由…











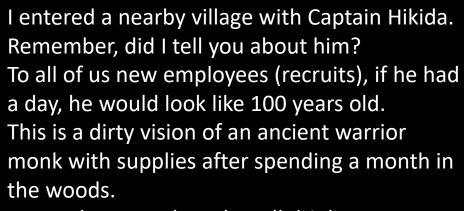




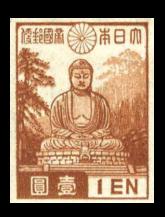


Dear Saki,

曳田大尉と一緒に近くの村に入った。覚えてる、私は彼についてあなたに話しましたか?私たちすべての新入社員にとって、彼が1日だったとしたら、彼は100歳のように見えます。これは、森で1か月のごした後、補給品を持った古代の戦士の僧侶の汚れたビジョンです。すべての飲み物が私たちの請求書に記載されていることがすぐに明らかになったので、彼も同じように飲みます。



It soon became clear that all drinks were on our invoice, so he drinks as well.















Dear Saki,

私は村の小屋の正面玄関から10フィートのところに立っていました…私は躊躇しました…私は自分のトラックを止めて、広島船長のスタッフカーに戻り、キャンプに戻ってこの狂ったグレイルサーチを忘れたいう衝動と戦いました彼の部隊で、人類のすべてを自由に捨てできたので、人類のすべてを自由に捨てできたので、人類のすべてを自由に捨てできたので、人類のために。私は彼に彼の罰のために戻るように話す義務がありました。



I stood 10 feet from the front door of the village hut ... I hesitated ...

I stopped my truck, returned to the Hiroshima Captain's staff car, and returned to the camp. Fighting the urge to forget this crazy Grail Search, for some civilian who have abandoned all of humanity freely as his troops and his big hungry child have returned to Hiroshima. I was obliged to tell him to return for his punishment.







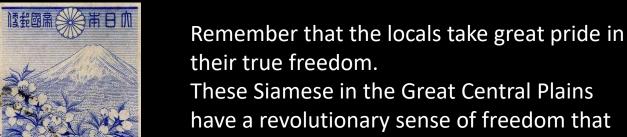






Dear Saki,

地元の人々は彼らの真の自由に大きな誇 りを持っていることを忘れないでくださ い。グレートセントラルプレーンズにあ るこれらのシャムには、遠くの地平線に 向かってスキャンするときに感じたはず の革命的な自由の感覚があります。私は いつも通り抜けなければなりませんでし た。そこで彼らの自由は遠い地平線にあ りました。彼らはそれがそこにあること を知っていて、いつの日か私たち全員が それに到達できるだろうと私に保証しま した。



the distant horizon. I had to go through as usual.

So their freedom was on the distant horizon. They knew it was there and assured me that one day we would all be able to reach it.

you would have felt when scanning towards









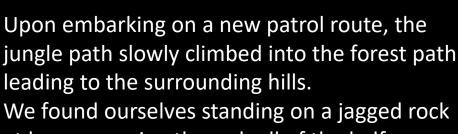






Dear Saki,

新しいパトロールルートに出ると、ジャングルの小道はゆっくりと森の小道に上がり、周囲の丘に通じていました。私分にってを通り抜けているとは家でギザがの岩の上に立ち、半分できるれた峡谷のすべてを通り抜けていることに気づけました。洗浄; それから私たちは、ポピーの表で煙草を吸っているまだ遠くのはしたの急接近する丘陵地帯のより狭い道に向かって爆破しているのに気づきました。



We found ourselves standing on a jagged rock at home, passing through all of the half-hidden canyons and avoiding the sea of thorny bushes.

Then we noticed that we were crossing the poppy's open field upwards and blasting towards the narrower roads of the steeply approaching hills of the still distant mountains smoking in the autumn fog. I did.



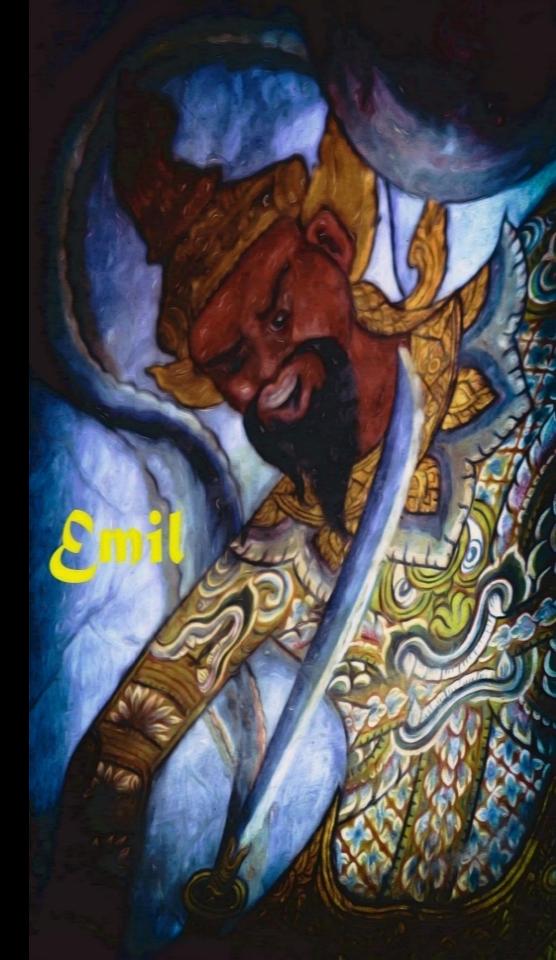




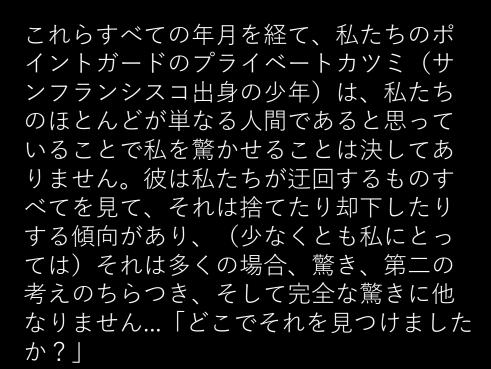


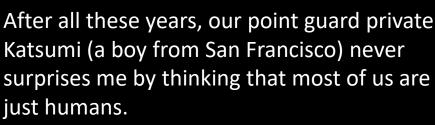






Dear Saki,





He sees everything we detour and it tends to throw away or reject, which is often (at least for me) a surprise, a flickering second thought, and a complete surprise. No ...

"Where did you find it?"



















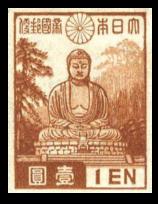


Dear Saki,

リバーサイドスラムの荒れた地域を出入りするとき、ソムサック氏は私たちの運転手であり勇敢でボディーガードでした。彼は友達であり兄弟で見れた!私たちがさまざまな任務に取り組んだ1年間、彼は常に元気で勇敢で素早い話し手でした。をはにより、さまざまな戦争の支配者の障害物やはによりまく通り抜けることができました。彼はの一ルで長くて年をとった、失われた友人のがらに見えたような人でした。悲しいことに、彼が今年引退したとき、軍は彼にホームアイランドでのケストワーカーのステータスの書類を渡さなかった。それはただのDAMN間違っていた!

Mr. Somsak was our driver and brave bodyguard as he entered and exited the rugged areas of the Riverside Slums.

He was a friend and a brother! During the year we worked on various missions, he was always an energetic, brave and quick speaker. This allowed them to successfully navigate obstacles and checkpoints of various war rulers. He was (5 minutes later) the one you trusted and looked like a long, old, lost friend at grammar school. Sadly, when he retired this year, the army didn't give him a document of guest worker status at Home Island-it was just DAMN wrong!















Dear Saki,

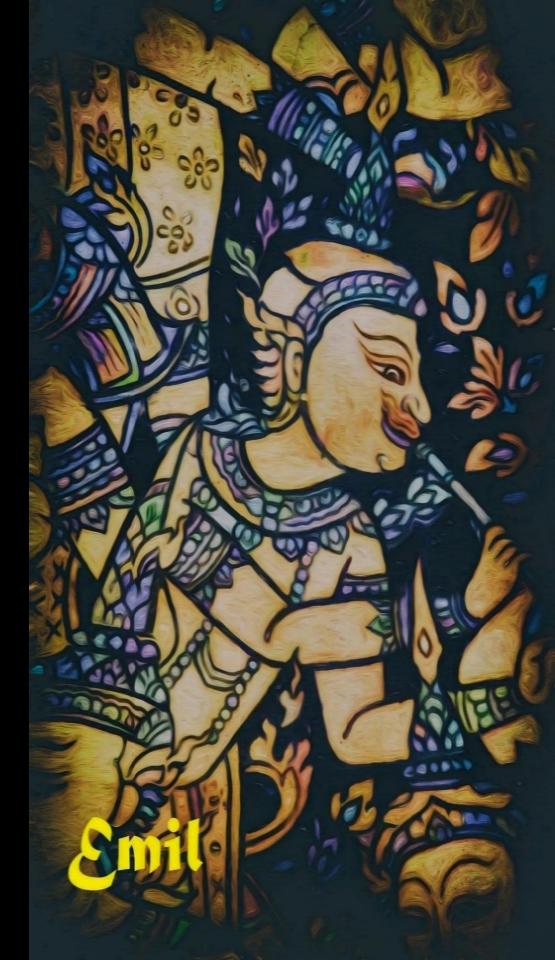
シャムを正しく学ぶのは非常に難しいと言われており、真実を告白します。地元のらいます。カインを正りでは多言語では多言語では多言語とんど見ったがあるため、ほとんど見つかりませんでもいるとがないで、私たちは敵の飛行機を見たエアかせまがあるため、は今日私たち全員を驚かしたといるが私たちは非常に逃りません。持っていたと認めなければなりません。

It is said that it is very difficult to learn Siamese correctly, and I confess the truth. Thanks for all the support we received from the lovely young man assigned by the local Siamese Business College. He is fluent in multiple languages, so he found few problems dealing with most locals. The air alert system surprises us all today because we have never seen an enemy plane and have never been bombed. We must admit that we were very interested because they flew instead of escaping to our aviation safety bunker.















Dear Saki,

これはかなり小さなお寺で、通常のショップハウスよりもそれほど大きくはありませんが、非常にきれいに装飾され、シャムやヒンドゥーの神話に関連する多くの壁画や木彫りが描かれています。その後、近くの店に立ち寄りました。とても素敵ですが、かなり遅い昼食です。近くの村にある最小のママ/ポップストアの前でも、食べ物や標準的で一般的な基本のほとんどが不足していないことに驚いています。彼らの生活は、英国の反政府勢力と戦っている近くのビルマ民族主義準軍組織のための訓練基地を除いて、ほぼ正常です。

This is a fairly small temple, not much larger than a regular shophouse, but very nicely decorated with many murals and wood carvings related to Siamese and Hindu mythology.

After that, I stopped by a nearby store.

Very nice, but quite late lunch. Even in front of the smallest mom / pop store in a nearby village, I'm surprised that most of the food and standard and general basics aren't missing.

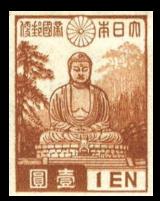
Their lives are almost normal, except for a training base for a nearby Burmese Nationalist Paramilitary Organization that is fighting British rebels.















Dear Saki,

ヒキッタミスターは、アヘンに完全に夢中 になっていて、サイアムの南の島のどこに に隠れていると報告されたマサヨシ大佐に でいると報告されたではませてくれま した。レポートは、彼がその熱帯の楽園した。 したの最新の脱出をどのように計画可 いて推測しました。「大佐が許さ く地元の漁船を借りてシーレに漕ぎ出 し、巡視船に直接乗ったとしてすぐに されるという最後の試みよりも成功する とを願っています。

Mister Hikitia let me read the latest dispatch about Colonel Masayoshi, who was reportedly completely obsessed with opium and was reportedly hiding somewhere on the southern island of Siam.

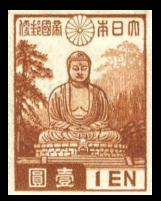
The report speculated on how he planned his latest escape from that tropical paradise. I hope the Colonel will be more successful than the last attempt to rent a local fishing vessel and row into Sea Lane without permission and be immediately arrested for boarding a patrol vessel directly.















Dear Saki,

私たちのセキュリティチームは、過去6か月間逃亡した英国の囚人の目撃情報を追跡しています。地元の人々は、さらに別の偽ことができるたびに飲んでいます。このゲームではひどく酔っている人もいます。このをではひどく酔っている人もいますの努力をではの平和を維持するための私たちの努力です。彼らは、ルージュ攻撃からの安全のために私たちの世話をしてくれたことに感謝するべきです。

Our security team tracks sightings of British Prisoners who have fled for the past six months. Locals drink every time they can get our attention with reports of yet another fake British prisoner-some are terribly drunk in this game. They should be punished for ridiculing our efforts to maintain peace in the village here. They should be grateful for us taking care of their safety from rouge attacks.









Dear Saki,

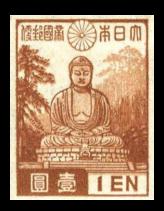
私はこの終わりのない戦争のすべてで最近とても悲しくて困っています。ごめん!長い間忘れられていた思い出、利己的、不注意、拡張的な考えに基づいて頻繁に思われるあなたの写真の小さな箱を憂鬱に見ているだけで、私は常に自分の不快な内省の列をすべて追放しなければならないことがわかりますになった。

I have been very sad and troubled lately in all of this endless war.

Sorry!

Just looking melancholy at a small box of your photos that often seems to be based on long-forgotten memories, selfishness, carelessness, and expansive thoughts, I'm always in my unpleasant introspection.

I now know that I have to expel all the lines.



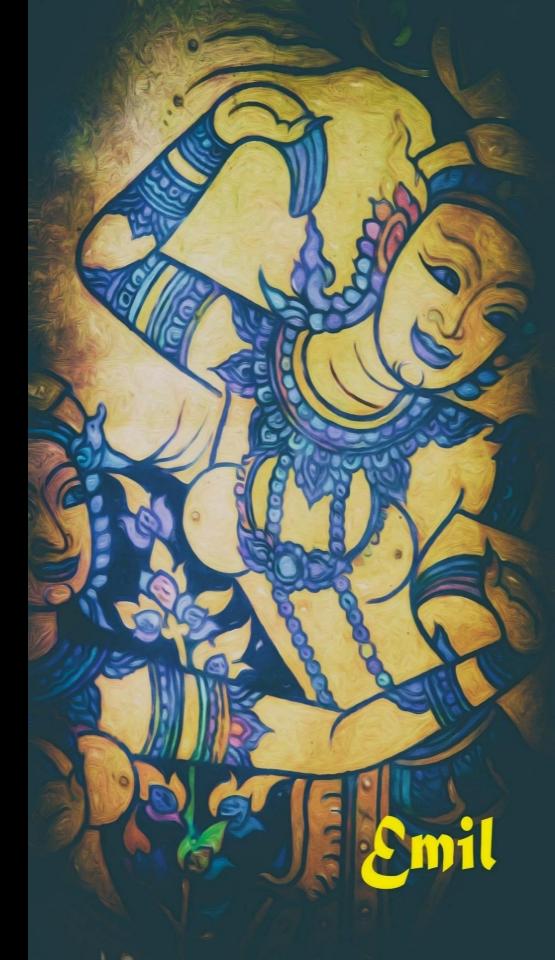






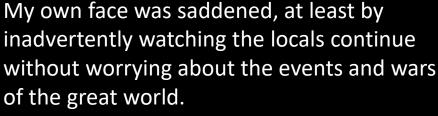






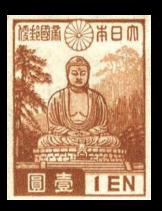
Dear Saki,

少なくとも地元の人々が偉大な世界の出来事や戦争を気にかけずに続けている様子を不注意に見ていると、私自身の顔は悲しくなりました。時々、村の広場に座って、若々しい話や国内の嵐にさえ巻き込まれた地元の人々の断続的な流れを見ています。私は時々苦いことを認め、私たちの果てしない疎外に憤慨している...



From time to time, I sit in the village square and watch the youthful stories and the intermittent flow of locals involved even in domestic storms.

I sometimes admit bitterness and resent our endless alienation ...















Dear Saki,

もし私が老人になるために生きるなら、 私は私の上級将校の何人かのこれらの悪い習慣のそのクールな邪悪さの私の印象 を決して忘れません。私はいつもあまたが「死んだ過去に死者を埋めさせる」とを学ばなければならないと言っていとを見いることを知っています。それは私の部で 道徳を考えずにそれを再び行うことをり簡単にします。

If I live to be an old man, I will never forget my impression of that cool wickedness of some of these bad habits of my senior officers.

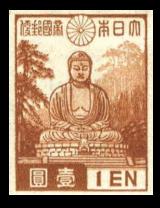
I know you always say you have to learn to "fill the dead in the dead past."

It makes it easier for my subordinates to do it again without thinking about morality.









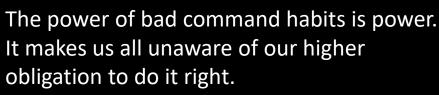






Dear Saki,

悪いコマンド習慣の力は力です。それは 私たち全員に、正しく行うという私たち のより高い義務を意識させません。それ から、私は大佐が彼のはっきりとした強 い声で言うのを聞きます。彼の令令 はすべて、それが鳴り響き、悪の行為を 受け入れるたびに、私たちが再び罪を犯 しやすくなり、私たち全員が無意識に同 意した悪を元に戻すことは決してできな いのではないかと思います。



Then I hear the Colonel say in his clear, strong voice.

Every time it rings and accepts evil deeds, all his orders make us more likely to sin again, and we can never undo the evil that we all unknowingly agreed to. think.



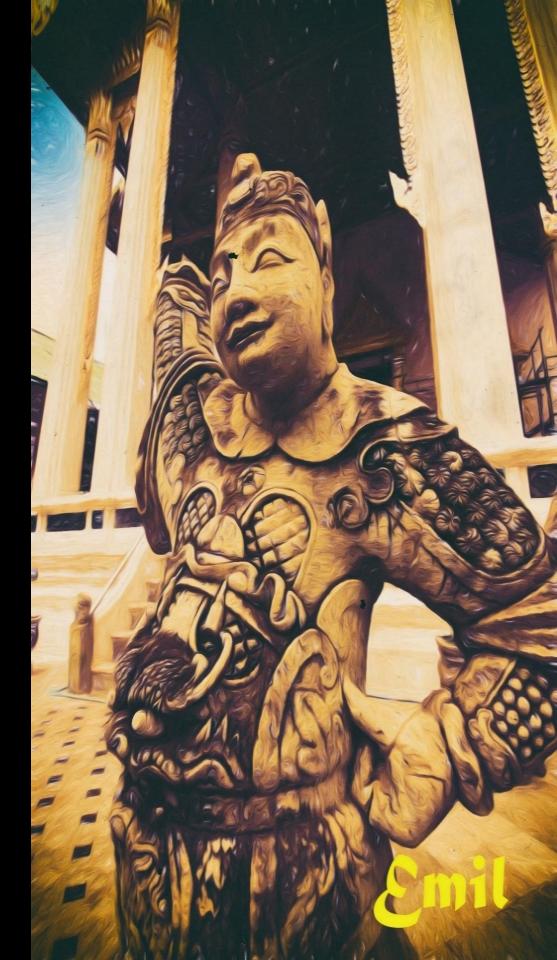














Dear Saki,



私の部下の間では、日常業務の遂行においてオープンな怠惰と拡張性に向かう傾向があることは間違いありません。時には、その品質の陰謀のように見えまて、のように見えまて、かるの人が私に教えて、おいかとが私に変らのようにをき込まれて、行方不明のおことがあり、私は彼らの不正な概タンが、であり、私は彼らの不正な概タンがではないかとかられていたことではないかとからいたことではないかとからいまうに



There is no doubt that my subordinates tend towards open laziness and extensibility in the performance of their daily work.

At times, it all looks like a non-verbal part of that quality conspiracy.

Perhaps that's the principle my dad taught me, and I'm caught up in a hug of their fraudulent concept and forget that the missing button was off the jacket.

I am worried. so

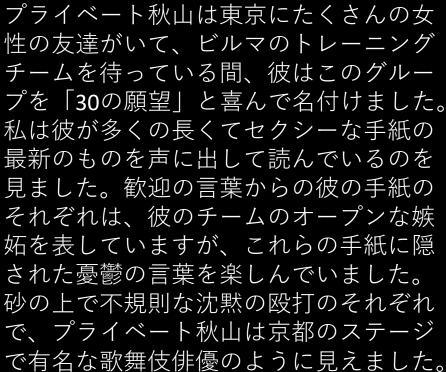






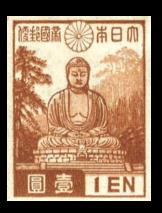


Dear Saki,



Private Akiyama has many female friends in Tokyo, and while waiting for the Burmese Training Team, he gladly named the group "30 Aspirations".

I saw him reading the latest of many long and sexy letters aloud. Each of his letters from the welcome words represents the open jealousy of his team, but enjoyed the words of melancholy hidden in these letters. With each of the irregular silence beatings on the sand, Private Akiyama looked like a famous Kabuki Actor on the Kyoto stage.









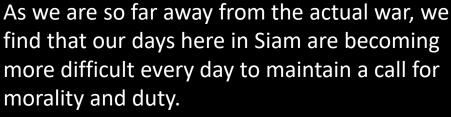






Dear Saki,

私たちが実際の戦争から遠く離れているので、ここサイアムでの私たちの日々は、道徳と義務への呼びかけを維持することが日々困難になっていることに気づきます。毎日、私たちは弱くなり、地元の人々のやり方に落ち着きます…私は戦いが私たちに来る日を恐れています。私たちは挑戦に立ち向かうでしょうか?



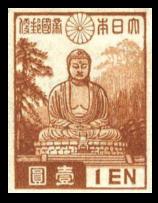
Every day we get weaker and settle in the way of the locals ...

I'm afraid the day when the fight comes to us. Will we face the challenge?















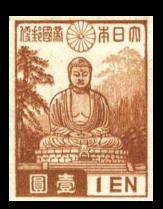
Dear Saki,

1945年の正月が近づくにつれ、私たちは親愛なる皇帝に敬意を表して昇る太陽に敬意を表し、祖国に名誉をもたらすことを誓いました。大佐は珍しい酒の飲み物を配り、一人一人に飲み物を提供した。私は彼の人間性に、家から遠く離れた男性の苦しみに感動しました。

As the New Year of 1945 approached, we paid homage to the rising sun in honor of our dear emperor and vowed to bring honor to our country.

The colonel handed out rare liquor drinks and provided each one with a drink.

I was impressed by his humanity and the suffering of a man far from home.



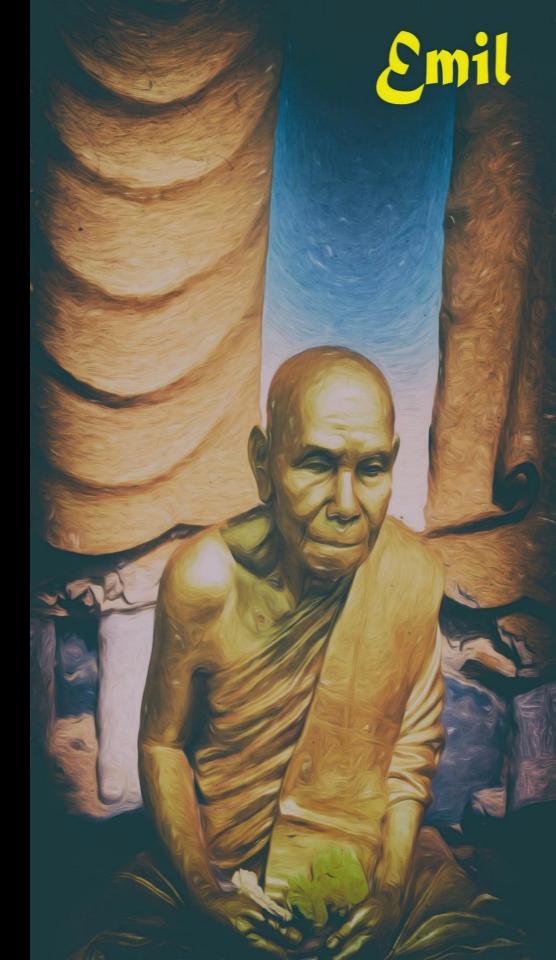










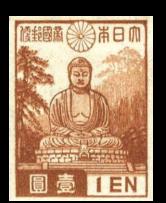


Dear Saki,

私たちは家からほとんど聞いていません、 そして手紙が来るとき、他のすべての単 語は軍の検閲によって暗くされてでるようです。なぜ彼らはこれをするしなですけれるとに直面しなとに直面しないませんか。地元の人々はもが、ばなりませんか。地元のようですが、ないます!

We rarely hear from home, and when the letter comes, all the other words seem to be darkened by military censorship.
Why do they do this?

What terrifying things do you have to face? The locals seem to know more, but they are too afraid to tell us the truth!



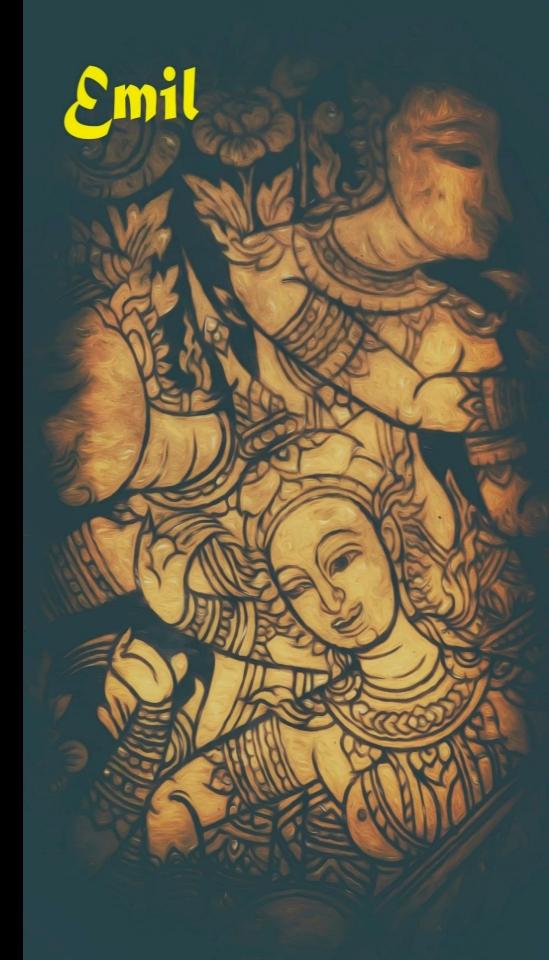


















Dear Saki,

私たちのサージェントイカ石が行方不明です!今朝、彼は去ったばかりです。メ モはありません。彼は夜の影に消えて、 今朝の会議のために彼の軍隊を集めいる とこに残しました。おかしるで おれをここに残しました。おかしました。 すね?彼は昨夜の食堂で陽気に見えせて のばかげた家の歌で私たちを楽しませて くれました。大佐は彼が行方不明になり ます。

Our Sargent Ikaite is missing! He has just left this morning.

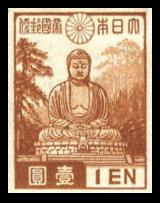
There is no memo.

He disappeared in the shadow of the night and left me here to gather his army for this morning's meeting.

Isn't it funny?

He looked cheerful in the dining room last night and entertained us with his ridiculous house song.

The Colonel must report without honor that he has gone missing.









Dear Saki,

サージェントイカ石が行方不明になったと言ったことを覚えていますか?私はその理由を知っているかもしれません。私が彼の置き去りにされた所持品を分類にたき、私は彼の父からの、そしてれたての黒くなった通路を通してさえ汚れた手紙を見つけました。彼の母親と妻が東京で殺されたことを知りました。どのように?真っ暗になったので言えません。

Do you remember (me) saying that Sargent Ikaite went missing?

I may know the reason.

When I categorized his left-behind belongings, I found a dirty letter from his father, and even through all the blackened passages.

I learned that his mother and wife were killed in Tokyo.

How?

I can't say it because it's pitch black.



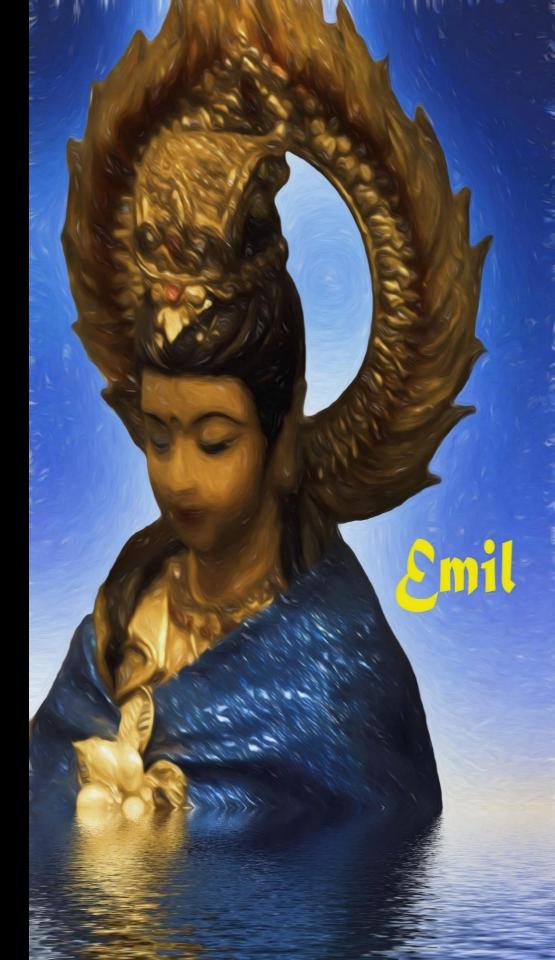












Dear Saki,

この春は雨季に入り、農民が新しい作物を植える必要があるため、すべておさまります。雨の涼しい風が一瞬緩く開発しても、一日の残りは蒸し暑く、回りなっためにはなりません。これではながではながではるからではるかに多いはではるからです。からではるからです。からではるからです。かられるだろがまでに私たちの条までに私たちの飛行機がまた。 私に言ったそれは私たちの飛行機がまた。 飛ぶガソリンを持っている場合です。

Spring here enters the rainy season and everything stops as farmers need to plant new crops. Even if the cool breeze of the rain eases for a moment, the rest of the day is sultry and I have to change my shirt several times a day to keep the army in place. The local maids just smile. This means far more work for them. Hopefully, the Colonel told me that by this winter some of us would be given a vacation to go home-if our plane still has petrol to fly.









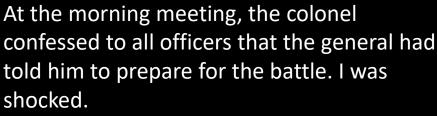






Dear Saki,

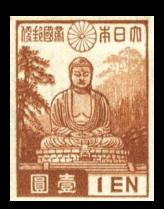
朝の会合で、大佐は将軍が彼に戦いの準備をするように言ったことをすべての将校に打ち明けた。私はショックを受けました。ほぼ3年間、戦うブリティッシュんではほんのわずかしかありませんの方でした。彼は、サイアムが私たちの即時でした。後にもことであると私たちの同盟国であった後、これはどのように起こりますか?



For almost three years, there were only a few British Commandos fighting.

He told us that Siam had declared war on our hometown and expected an immediate attack from the local village.

How does this happen after being our ally for a long time?





















Dear Saki,

地元の人々は同じように見え、私たちを同じように扱っているので、私たちのように扱っては多くの混乱が今私おります。たぶん彼らは自分たちの国が今知しているのようでしょうか?多分彼らは気にのようです。私たちは端にいます。私たちは当ると警戒するようにないまけると警戒ができていないかがわかります。

There is a lot of confusion about our camp because the locals look the same and treat us the same.

Maybe they don't know how their country is now at war with us?

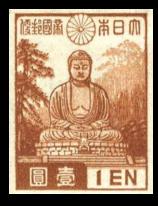
Maybe, they don't care?

This seems to be part of their friendly nature.

We are on the edge.

I became more vigilant.

Now, you can see how unprepared (we) are in the event of a real battle.



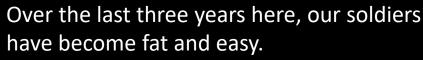






Dear Saki,

ここでの過去3年間で、私たちの兵士は太くて簡単になりました。彼らは戦争を忘れていて、若い村の女の子の注意を気にかけているだけのようです。私たちの戦士のスキルは、今では同じ不使用に大きく苦しんでいます。大佐は、各兵士が背が高く、正しい任務を遂行することを確信しているようです。彼の判断が正しいことを祈ります。



They seem to have forgotten the war and just care about the attention of the girls in the young village.

Our weapons are rusty.

Our warrior skills now suffer heavily from the same non-use.

The Colonel seems confident that each soldier is tall and will perform the right mission.

I pray that his judgment is correct.









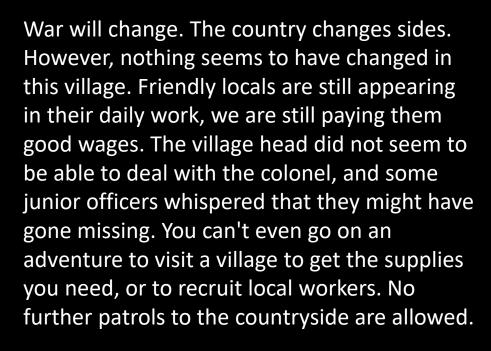






Dear Saki,

戦争は変わります。国は側を変えます。 しかし、この村では何も変わってい人ないは何も変わってがり一な地元の人の日常の日常に現れているの日常でも彼らにまだ良いできなからない。村長は大佐に対処で方不らなりにます。 がよす。何人かとさいた。必り、日間ではないなかとめに村を訪れために間ではないのではないない。 の労働者を募集したりするために冒地でのかけることのパトロールは許可されいません

























Dear Saki,

将軍からの戦争ニュースは今やランダム に見え、最新のニュースは通過する考え のアイデアとしてのみ与えられています。 ロシア人がすぐに満州で私たちの軍隊を 攻撃するかもしれないので、彼らが私た ちが満州で必要であると主張するので、 私たちが撤回するであろう多くのゴシッ プがあります。これは、役員の厨房で働 いている地元の人から聞いたものです。 彼らはどうやって私たちよりも多くを 知っているのですか?

War news from the general now looks random, and the latest news is given only as an idea of the idea to pass.

There are many gossip(s) we will withdraw as they claim we need in Manchuria as the Russians may soon attack our troops in Manchuria.

This is what I heard from a local who works in the officer's kitchen.

How do they know more than we do?









は一番日本





Dear Saki,

The Colonel says we will leave and be relocated elsewhere. Not told yet. Rumor has it that it's crazy from going home, sent to Northern China to fight the upcoming Russian Invasion, and even part of a secret plan for us to occupy San Francisco.

This last gossip is from Private Simon. Remember that he lived in San Francisco before the war.

But I think it's just his wishful thinking. The truck is here in the morning.















Dear Saki,

あなたが大丈夫なのか、それとも私のたくさんの手紙の一つを受け取ったのはるかいる、もかりません。あなたが知っているかに多らいるが知るかに多らられば私たちので、これは私たちの最後の手紙が落ち着くまでの私の最後の手紙がもしれません。私は大佐に戦争がも、彼はないものを横に振って愛は私たちの皇帝以上のものです、私は認めなければなりません。

I don't know if you're okay or if you received one of my many letters.

This is their stupidity, as you know, it only worries far more of our loved ones.

This may be my last letter after our relocation until we settle down.

I asked the Colonel if the war was about to end, and he shook his head.

In my heart, my love for you is more than our emperor, I must admit.













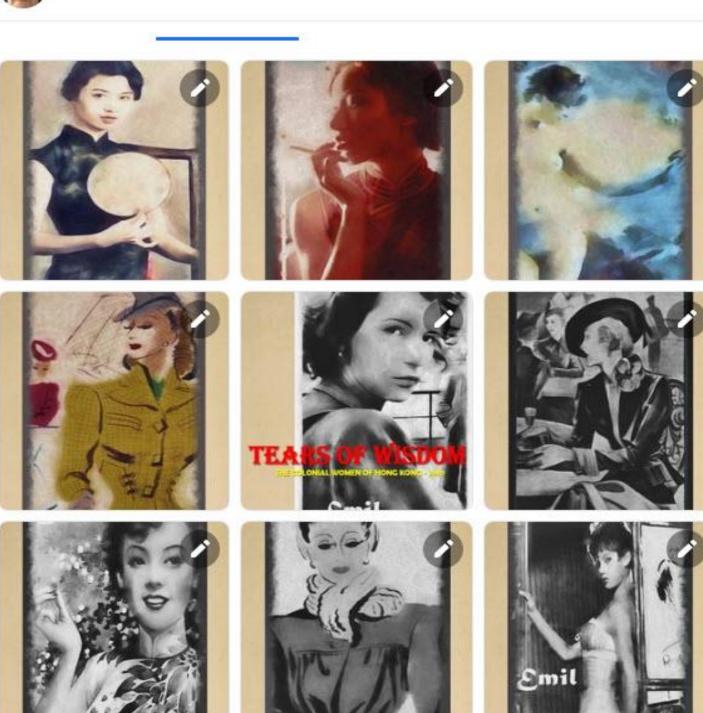




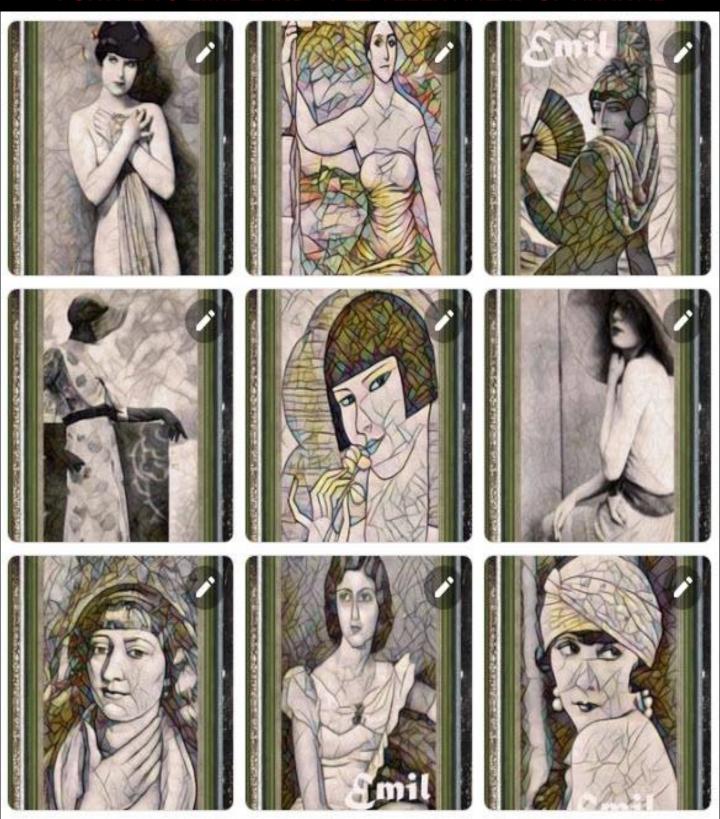


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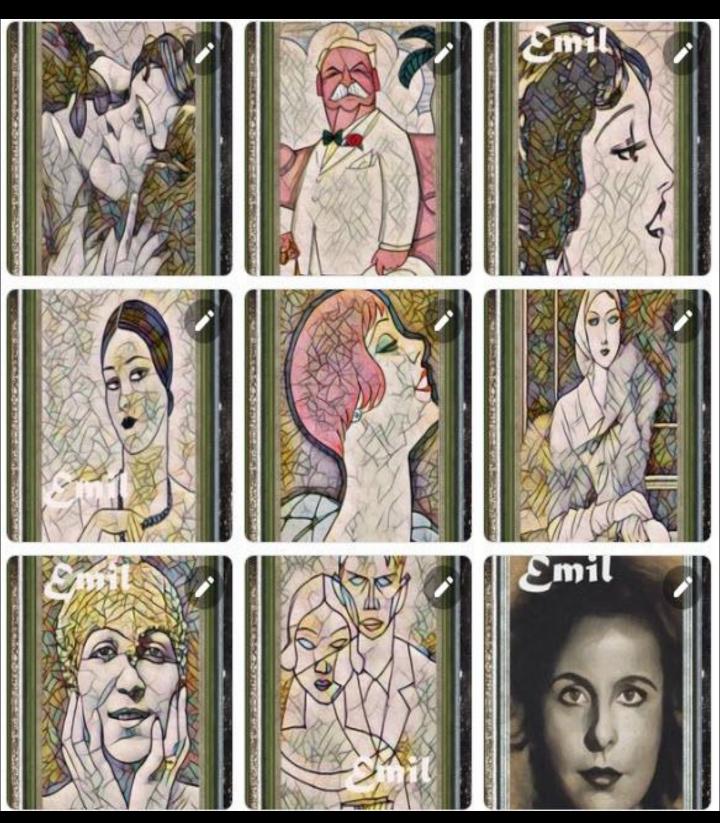




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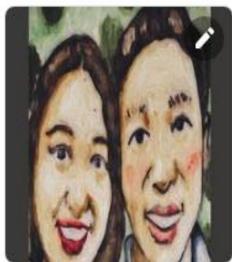


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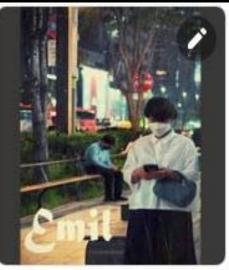




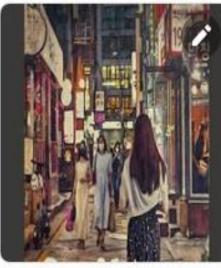




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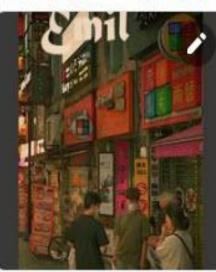










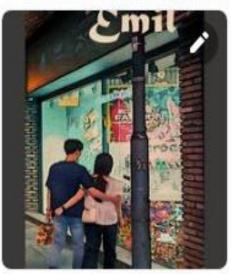


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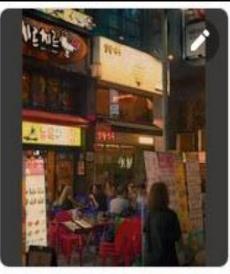




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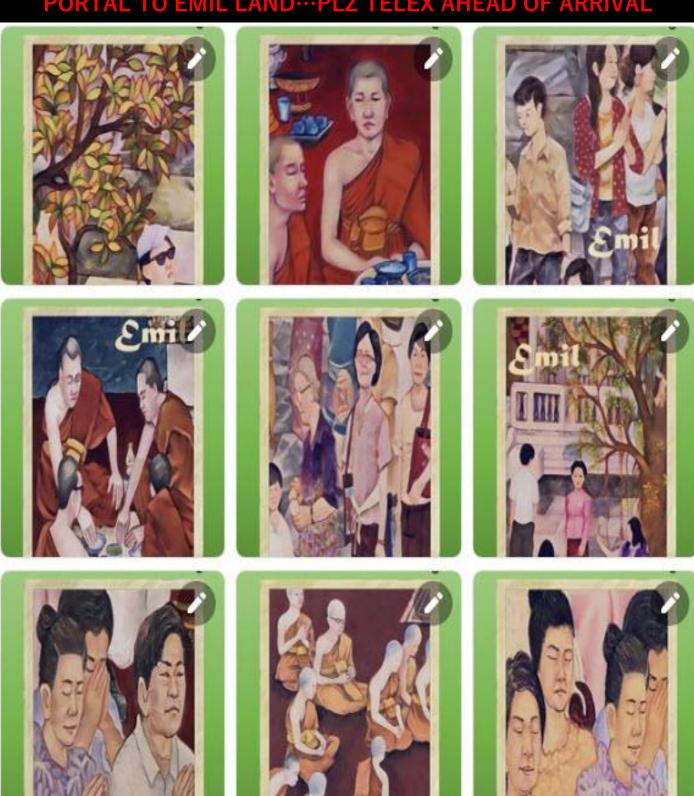
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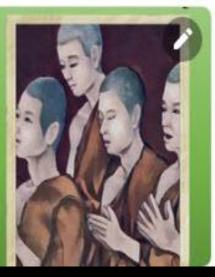












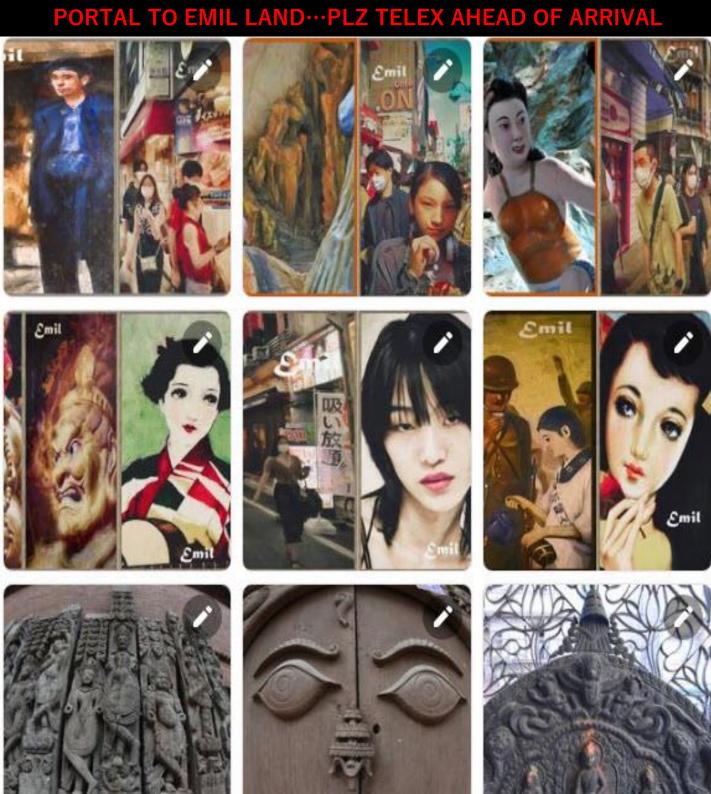




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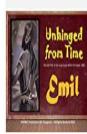
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